

AN
AUTUMN
PASTORAL

By
William
Cullen
Bryant



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS1156

Chap. _____ Copyright No. _____

Shelf .A1

1888

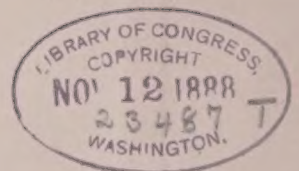
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



AN AUTUMN PASTORAL

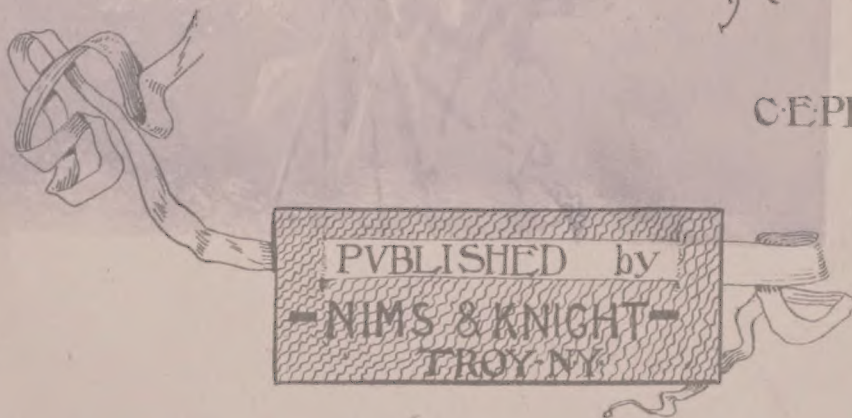
THE
DEATH OF THE FLOWERS
BY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



WITH
15 Illustrations by
The Photo-Gravure Co.
After Original Drawings

BY
C. PHILIPS.



(1898)



ILLUSTRATIONS

- 1 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and bare.
- 2 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, &c.
- 3 And from the wood-top calls the crow,
- 4 Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers?
- 5 Alas! they all are in their graves;
- 6 The rain is falling where they lie;
- 7 The brier-rose and the orchis died amid the
- 8 But on the hill the golden-rod, &c., summer glow;
- 9 Was gone from upland, glade, and glen.
- 10 Comes the calm mild day, to call the squirrel &c.
- 11 When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
- 12 The south-wind searches for the flowers
- 13 Then I think of one &c.
- 14 In the cold moist earth &c.
- 15 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish
with the flowers.

Copyright by
Nims & Knight
1888.



The melancholy days are come, the
saddest of the year,
Of warbling winds, & naked woods,
and meadows brown and sear.



Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the
rabbit's tread.



The robin and the wren are flown,
and from the shrubs the jay.
And from the wood-top calls the crow
through all the gloomy day.



Where are the flowers, the fair, young flowers,
that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beautiful
sisterhood?



Alas! they are in their graves; the gentle
"face" of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair
and good of ours



C. Phillips

The rain is falling where they lie; but the
cold November rain
call not from out the gloomy earth the
lovely ones again.



The wind-flower and the violet; they
perished long ago.
And the briar-rose and the orchis died
amid the summer glow.



SEPTEMBER
But on the hill the golden-rod, and
the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in
autumn glory stood.



Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven,
as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
from upland, glade, and glen.



And now, when comes the calm mild day, as
still grey days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their
winter home:



When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though
all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of
the rill,



The south-wind searches for the flowers whose
fragrance late he bore.
And now he searches in the weeds and
17



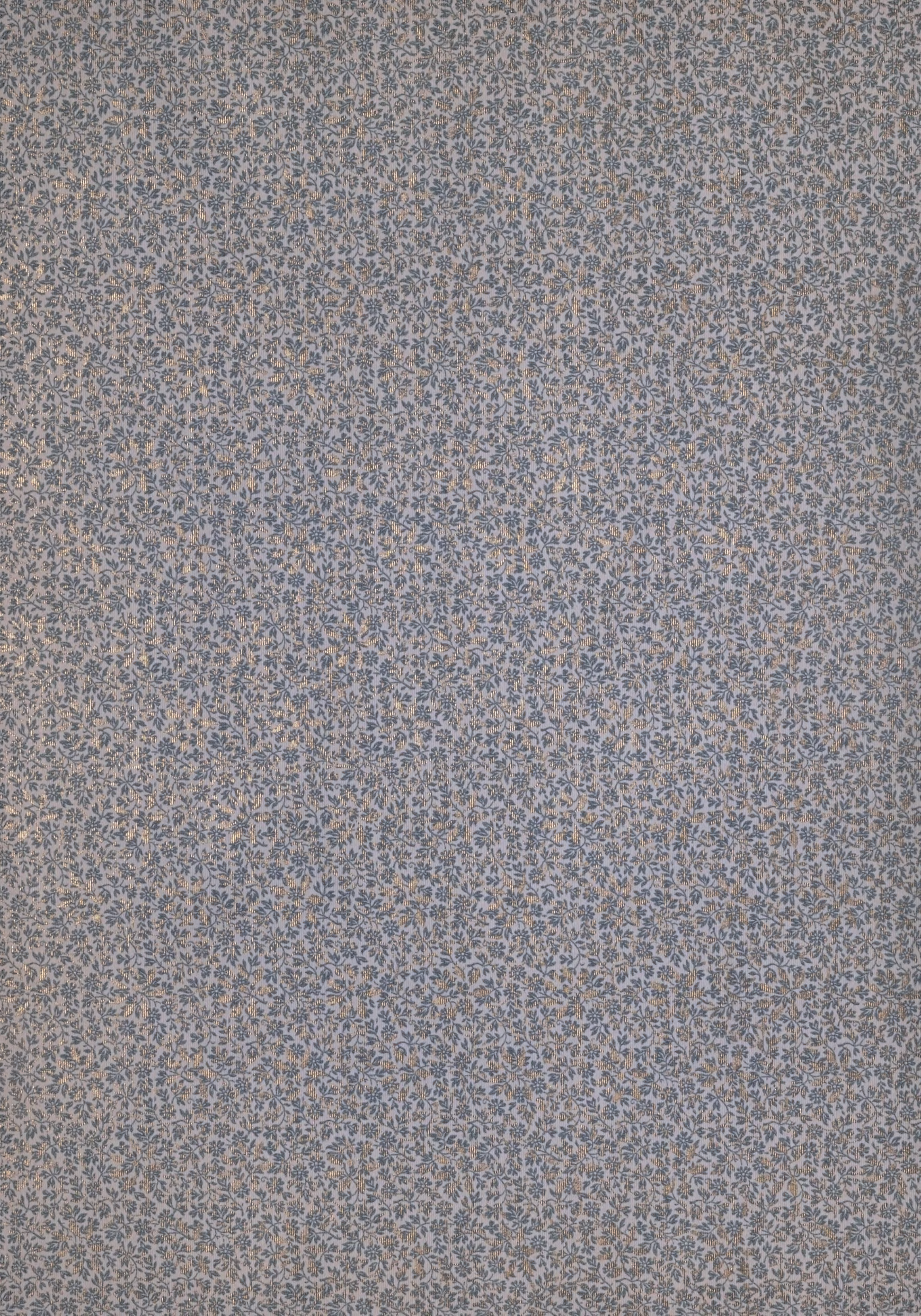
And then I think of one who in her youthfulness heavily
died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded
by my side.



In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest's
lost the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a
life so brief;



Oh how soon it was that we, like that
young friend of ours
so gentle and so beautiful, should perish
with the flowers







0 029 715 508 8